

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*Ma. Page*)? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes Sir *John*.

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*En. Paucaverba;* (*Sir John*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephistophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *paucaverba*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?  
*Ena.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter.

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, & end it between them.

*Enan.* Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* *Pistol*.

*Pist.* He heares with eares.

*Enan.* The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

*Slen.* I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-fixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Pistol*?

*Enan.* No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and feum thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloues, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Beaus'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

*Fal.* What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

*Bar.* Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five senses.

*En.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-cires.

*Slen.* I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this trick: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

*Enan.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

*Fal.* You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

*Ma. Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heauen! This is Mistrisse *Anne Page*.

*Ma. Page.* How now Mistris *Ford*?

*Fal.* Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Mistris.

*Ma. Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

*Slen.* I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you bene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

*Sim.* Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon *Allallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

*Shal.* Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

*Slen.* I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but vnderstand me.

*Slen.* So I doe Sir.

*Enan.* Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

*Enan.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* I, there's the point Sir.

*En.* Marry is it: the very point of it, to *Mi. An Page*.

*Slen.* Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

*En.* But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you carry your good wil to y maid?

*Sh.* *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

*Slen.* I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

*En.* Nay, go's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitible, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

*Slen.* I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*): can you loue the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.

*En. It*

*En.* It is a fery disfection-answer; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolutely: the ord is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

*Sh.* I: I thinke my *Cofen* meant well.

*Sl.* I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

*Sh.* Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

*An.* The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

*Sh.* I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.)

*En.* Od's pless'd-wil: I will not be absēce at the grace.

*An.* Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

*Sl.* No, I thank you forsooth, hartely, I am very well.

*An.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Sl.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my *Cofen Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

*An.* I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Sl.* I faith, I ate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

*An.* I pray you Sir walke in.

*Sl.* I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin the other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneyes for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

*An.* I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Sl.* I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loofe, are you not?

*An.* I indeede Sir.

*Sl.* That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene *Sackerson* loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so eride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

*Ma. Pa.* Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you.

*Sl.* Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

*Ma. Pa.* By cocke and pie, you shall not choofe, Sir: come, come.

*Sl.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Ma. Pa.* Come on, Sir.

*Sl.* Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

*An.* Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

*Sl.* Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

*An.* I pray you Sir, come on: here's the way to the dinner.  
*Sl.* Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Enan, and Simple.*  
*En.* Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Cain* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

*Si.* Well Sir.

*En.* Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintace with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to foli-cite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's *Pip-pins* and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter?

*Ho.* What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

*Ho.* Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

*Ho.* Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar*, *Keiser* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall rap; said I well (bully *Hector*)?

*Fa.* Doe so (good mine Host).

*Ho.* I haue spoket: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

*Fal.* *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Seruing-man, a fresh *Tapster*: goe, adew.

*Ba.* It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thrive.

*Pist.* O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield. *Ni.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humor coceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskillfull Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

*Pist.* Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

*Fal.* Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

*Pist.* Why then let Kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Yong *Rauens* must haue food.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Ford's* wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourseth: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuication: I can construe the action of her familiar stile, & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Falstaf.*  
*Pist.* He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

*Pist.* As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

*Ni.* The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.  
*Fal.* I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

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*Pist.*